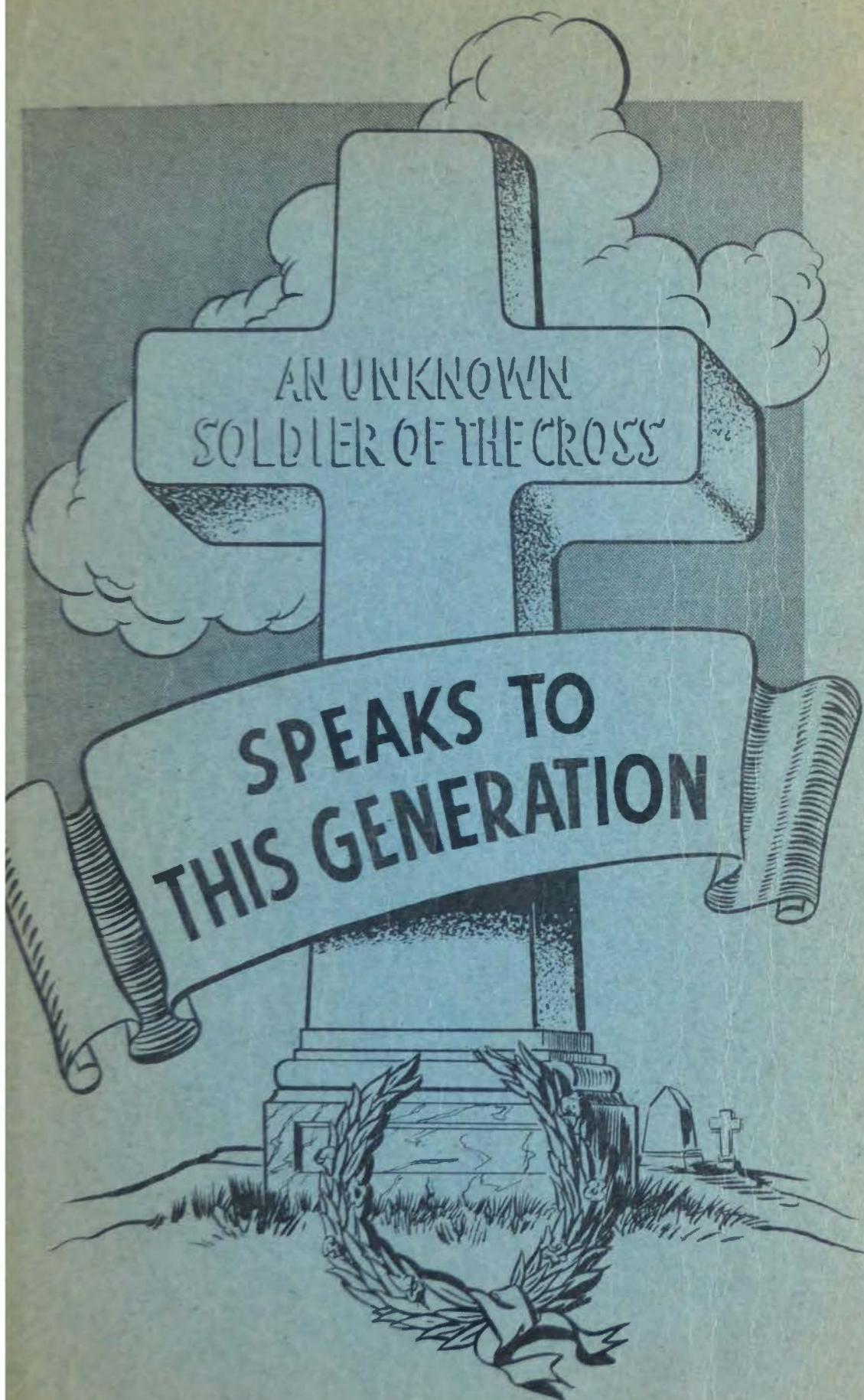




AN UNKNOWN
SOLDIER OF THE CROSS

**SPEAKS TO
THIS GENERATION**



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER OF THE CROSS

Table of Contents

CHAPTER I	
Presenting the Unknown Soldier of the Cross!.....	Page 1
CHAPTER II	
The Unknown Soldier Speaks for Christians of Ages Past	Page 4
CHAPTER III	
The Church Upon the Rock!.....	Page 6
CHAPTER IV	
Youth and God.....	Page 9
CHAPTER V	
The Love of God.....	Page 11
CHAPTER VI	
The Scarlet Line.....	Page 14
CHAPTER VII	
Man Shall Not Live by Bread Alone.....	Page 16
CHAPTER VIII	
"Science or Christ?".....	Page 18
CHAPTER IX	
Sin	Page 22
CHAPTER X	
"I Believe the Bible".....	Page 24
CHAPTER XI	
The Resurrection of Jesus.....	Page 27
CHAPTER XII	
Your Sickness and God's Healing.....	Page 30
CHAPTER XIII	
Christ the Hope of Salvation for All Men!.....	Page 33
CHAPTER XIV	
The Value of the Soul.....	Page 36
CHAPTER XV	
I Believe In the Holy Spirit!.....	Page 38

DEAR LISTENER TO OUR PROGRAM:

Because you are interested enough in the Kingdom of Christ,
to write in asking that programs like this,
remain on the air;

This program was saved! Otherwise, it would have been put off
the air

in favor of some program of cheap jazz, or nerve-wracking
detective mystery, or anything but religion!

Therefore, we thank you in the name of our Lord, and shake your
hand in Christ's stead as a partner with us in the Kingdom of
God! May God command his blessing upon you; for your offer-
ing helped to keep

Christ

on the air! We are so happy to know you through your letters.
Write more about yourself and your loved ones. Tell us your
needs and your problems. We love to know you, even though
we've not seen your face. We'll promise to remember you when-
ever you ask for prayer. We pray every day for the deep needs
of you dear friends who write in.

If

The Unknown Soldier of the Cross

remains unknown to you on earth, it is not because he would hide
his face from his friends; neither has he any blemish of body nor
soul; it is God's mandate upon his soul. God help me, I can do
no other than obey the voice of God. But I'll know you as I'm
known in that glorious land of fadeless day.

Meanwhile,

I pass to and fro preaching in the land, and doing home Missionary
work in schools, factories, jails, hospitals, and in churches! I
mingle with thousands each week who do not know I am the Un-
known Soldier of the Cross! You may have seen me yesterday,
or will see me tomorrow!

CHAPTER I

PRESENTING THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER OF THE CROSS!

All my life I have heard of the great national hero, The Unknown Soldier! He is an anonymous soldier, who was dug up from a grave on the field of battle, and each year the people who want to honor all the boys who died for their country, come and visit his grave. They lay flowers on his tomb, or simply say a prayer for his Cause. This is very right and proper for them to do. It would be a shame if this great, rich nation, did not honor its dead heroes. I have been fascinated with the mystery concerning the Unknown Soldier, whom I admire as my own war dead. I am glad for the custom which was started during the Civil War. It is a perfectly wise idea; for it symbolizes so many heroes, we could otherwise never remember. So the nation keeps and guards well, her Unknown Soldier, 'Lest We Forget'.

Now there is in the Bible an anonymous Gospel written by a disciple who never mentions his own name. He simply calls himself by a simple name—"that Disciple whom Jesus loved". His simplicity is beautiful, and his modesty is good! We need more of that! But the Unknown Soldier represents all dead heroes more fully than this 'disciple' represents all Disciples! I wanted to go on the air with a radio program designed for all peoples, Christians and non-Christians. I wanted to represent the neglected millions of our nation. As I see it, radio is not good when used as a substitute for Church attendance and stewardship of life. But radio religious programs are the **ONLY THING** which can reach the *forgotten people who are not in church*. These number 80 million in the USA alone, and many other millions in Mexico, Central and South America. I wanted to give the forgotten man, and his family, a program to call their own on the air. I am called to minister to those the churches do not reach!

To represent them is not easy! What symbol could they accept? What form could I take through Christ? In deep meditation and prayer, it came to me in an experience of deep meaning. Oh how plain was the Lord's leading! "Stand behind the Cross of Christ", He said, "and speak the words I bid thee. I have called thee to be unto all men, **AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER OF THE CROSS!**" I rose from my knees (really my face, for I was prostrate) and gave God thanks for His answer of wisdom!

So this is my calling! God has called me to be a 'voice in the wilderness' of earth's deep need, crying out over the ether, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world!" I merely lift up Christ in His unsearchable richness. I call no attention to myself, but about Christ I tell all! You see I simply give him a surrendered mind, a willing pair of feet, a cleansed heart, and a yielded tongue. He uses them as He wills. I will preach to you as I'm bid; no Creed but Christ, no law but love, no doctrine except the Bible! I will spend and be spent for this ministry, to call men to faith in the Bible, and salvation through Jesus Christ my Lord!

So I called up to see about radio time. I was frightened out of my wits by the costs. How could I ever save the three thousand dollars it would take to start such a program? How could I sign a year in advance, which is the custom, when several more thousand dollars were promised, which I did not have? Again, I went to God in prayer. He said, "Sell what you have, give it to the poor (these who have no treasure on earth nor in heaven) in the form of bread of life . . . and come thou and follow me!" So I did, and it is a venture of faith which only God and His own Children can keep going!

I am willing to do this; for woe is me if I preach not the gospel! I seek not to exploit that sacred name of America's UNKNOWN SOLDIER! I am not he! I am a simple, UNKNOWN SOLDIER OF THE CROSS! I represent Christ's followers in their obedience to the Master's GREAT COMMISSION! He said, "GO YE UNTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE. HE THAT BELIEVETH SHALL BE SAVED AND HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT SHALL BE DAMNED!" I cannot hang back! I am forced by the burning, yearning love for the lost, to take all risks, and go forth to battle sin wherever I find it. My strength is in the Name of the Lord! Remember, I am not the Unknown Soldier! I am called to be a different person; The Unknown Soldier of the Cross! An unknown disciple of Jesus! You will not know me by my name; but by my fruits in Christ my Lord!

I am happy to know that this voice of mine, which I've given to God, can tell a gospel to the world of a Christ mighty to save. You will hear my voice every night on the air, so long as there is a red cent for radio time, and one vocal cord left in this voice! We've got a program you will like, if you like the old fashioned

Faith. If God helps us we will go on more stations. We trust the flame will grow until through the aid of God, we may make this blessed 'forgotten man's' gospel reach from coast to coast. We've got a mighty Christ, able to do all things!

I love all churches which sincerely mention the name of Christ as Lord and Saviour, and pity those who don't. But my heart goes out to the countless thousands who are bypassed by the churches. Half the people in this nation have no faith in God, no profession, no church! Many others are isolated by bad roads, ill health, or confining work. Many will listen from behind asylum walls where one million poor people languish, trying to recover their mental control. Many from jails, penitentiaries, hospital and sick rooms will bless God for this program. Others on the road traveling in cars, or on the lonely sea, will tune in, and God will make a difference in their lives. They will write in and bless God for this program!

Oh you people who want to do home missionary work! Here is your chance. This work needs your regular support. Tithe here, and hundreds will be saved each week. God has told me so and I believe it so strong, I have given my life's savings to say yes to God! I love foreign missions. We ought to send help to Macedonia; but remember Lazarus at your door. Don't neglect the home field. Thousands of fellow Americans sit in darkness of night. Countless homes are Christless, ready to go to pieces, untouched by Christ. These will leave half-orphaned children to swell the juvenile delinquent roll! Many aged people who never, never get to church, need this message of comfort and hope! Many young people need the guidance of this gospel in their motive for better living!

I feel heaven in my heart today. I'm walking with my Lord, doing his bidding! Let me recommend Jesus Christ to you as one who made me o'er anew and He'll do the same for you. Don't be a slave to sin! Don't be tossed and driven by circumstances! Be a victor of Faith. In Christ is all you need! Whatever is your need and heart's desire, Christ is the answer!

September, 1949.

(Signed) The Unknown Soldier of the Cross.

CHAPTER II

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS FOR CHRISTIANS OF AGES PAST!

If our own sacred American Unknown Soldier could rise from his multi-million-dollar tomb in Washington, D. C. and speak to this generation, I don't believe he would waste precious time answering curious and morbid questions. He would, no doubt, refrain from telling anything personal about himself because he would want to speak from his greater identity—the incarnate voice of all our beloved boys who gave the last full measure of devotion for their country! He would not betray that great cause; but would speak with all the accumulated wisdom and experience of the past, born out of countless gethsemanes and filled to the brim with suffering on the battlefield,—he would speak of the things worth dying for, and plead for us to carry on in the faith wherein they died for their country! The voice of this unknown soldier would speak of the things which are eternal and which are mightier than the things of this temporal world. He would speak of faith, hope and charity, these three. He would urge us to act now to prevent future bloody wars and would pray for the way of peace and brotherhood until God's ways become the ways of man! All this the unknown Soldier, of any nation's shrine, would do, and he would leave us with the warning, "If you fail us, the dead, we shall not sleep, tho poppies blow in Flanders' Field."

Now dear friends, I am called of God to live in a different parable, (but yet much the same,)—I am called of God to be the Unknown Soldier of the Cross. I recognize no limits of race, creed, or station in life. I represent the voice of all Christendom, both the living and the dead in Christ. I represent all nations and ages, past and present. I am just a Christian whose calling makes me to speak for the fundamentals of the kingdom of God, with the voice like the sound of many waters; for it is the voice of truth. I speak with the sound of every heart which held the love of God; for every mind which contained the faith in the Bible; for every hand which moved at the impulse of Christ's love, and for every soul which embraced the hope of God for peace on earth and good will toward men! I speak with the voice of the sound of many waters for it is the voice of Christians, Jews, Greeks, Romans, Gauls, Germans, Anglo Saxon, yes, even the

negro Christians ancient and modern, and especially I speak as the conscience of humanity suffering, sinning, hoping, dying, yearning, and groping toward the light of a better day.

I shall cease to speak about themes, and purposes, and tell you frankly what the voice of the Christian ages has to say! And Oh! how I am constrained to tell this message to you! My chiefest disappointment with the church today is that they have departed from the faith once delivered to the saints. Christians no longer spend themselves to the uttermost in the service of their master; but are playing at religion as if it were a pious game! Out of the 160 hours of the week, they allot one short hour to a mild and soothing sermon service and feel that that is the whole of religion. Prayer meetings are out of style, and altar services are becoming a thing of the past. Family devotions are becoming as extinct as the dodo bird while scripture reading is both forbidden in the schools and neglected in the homes. There is a coldness about the church service and a worldliness about the people! Many pastors are failing God but the whole blame cannot be laid on them alone. Those who had burning zeal and soul fervor had it knocked out of them at the school of religion called seminaries. The old dorky who called them cemeteries wasn't far from wrong!

No longer like Paul do we wrestle against spiritual wickedness in high places. We have almost abjectly surrendered to the evils we claim to deplore. God forgive our coldheartedness and selfishness! Our lives, far from being spectacles for Christ in holy combat in the arena of His Kingdom, are lived in unholy ease while we sit in the shade of self satisfaction and sip pink lemonade! Put the average church deacon or official board member up alongside of Stephen the martyr, or John the beloved exile for God, and it would scare them out of a year's growth! We have laid up worldly good aplenty, and can no longer say with Peter and John at the Gate, "Silver and gold have we none",—but worse still, we cannot say the victorious words of faith "In the name of Jesus rise up and walk." Jesus cried out once to some weak-kneed disciples, "O ye of little faith, how long shall I endure you?" What must be the theme of his message to us?

We're not serious about religion! We're playing a game of respectability! Unless we change and stand up for Christ and His way, we'll never have a better world of Brotherhood and lasting peace. Playing at religion, we've invented the atom bomb and like a child with a loaded gun, we're nearly ready to blow out

our collective brains. It wouldn't take much of an explosive to blow out the amount of brains we've manifested lately. Still less to blow out the feeble light of faith and hope in our inoffensive and lukewarm souls. A thousand years ago, the whole world ought to have been brought to God. But let us not blame the past ages with all the failure of the church. In our own age, we could have prevented both world wars with an ever so small application of the Principles of Christ and his Church! He taught us the way, but we keep stoning the prophets and crucifying the Saviours of God. We could have rallied an army of 1,000,000 youth to save lives, not take them. We could have given a missionary, a Christian doctor, and a Christian common grade school to every 1000 people on earth who were not Christians, and could have had a grateful and enlightened world in the camp of God a generation ago. It would have taken 3 billion dollars a year to finance such an undertaking; but refusing to have faith and vision for God; we have had 20 million youth killed, (God knows how many more) and have mortgaged our children's world for 100 years to come. (Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem . . .). "Thou that stonest the prophets and killest them that I would send unto thee. How oft would I have gathered you together even as a hen doth gather her chickens, but ye would not. Henceforth your house is left unto you Desolate."

CHAPTER III

THE CHURCH UPON THE ROCK!

Text, "Upon this rock I'll build my church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against her."

—Matt. 16.

If Jesus were alive tonight, what a change he would find in the church he died to build. He would find it so different from the church of his day, as daylight is from dark. Great buildings, storied windows, deep-toned organs, cathedral choirs, mighty organizations, powerful publications, Sunday Schools, women's societies, youth groups, even radio programs like this, He would find among the churches. Would Christ Jesus commend this? Perhaps yes! He would like the hymns we sing. He would like the offerings we give,—the Missionaries we support—the buildings we build perhaps! But *he would not like everything* he found in

his church. *Some things* he would find which would grieve his great heart.

Jesus would say, "You are rich and increased in goods, and no longer can you say that 'silver and gold have I none';—also you cannot say with John and Peter, 'in the name of Jesus rise up and walk!' You have lost both your poverty and your power. You are marvels of education and organization; but you have lost your first love and your zeal for God." I don't like the way Jesus would say, "The church is divided up into quarreling, bickering, competing sects. Over 200 different denominations in America, alone!" "Who told you to divide the body of Christ? I prayed in the upper room that you all might be one, but you have become a multitude of bickering, babbling creedists. You do not fellowship each other, do not tolerate each other, have no communion with each other." Great God! if Christians who are trying to go to the *same heaven* and worship the *same God*, through the *same Son, Jesus Christ*,—cannot refrain from fighting each other, how *can* we ever expect to show the warring nations the way to peace? I command you to stop these schisms of the body of Christ! I command you to put love above law, Christ above creed, and The Bible above all other books! Christ bids you cease from strife, and *Christendom of the ages*, whom I represent as its Unknown Soldier of the Cross for this generation—bids you be one in faith, one in hope, one in doctrine, One Church united and strong, at least in spirit until you come to the unity of the faith!

Once more, Jesus would be ashamed of the way the church of today is *lukewarm about its religion*. Indifference is the curse of the church today. People sit in the shady bleachers, sip pink lemonade, yawn with unholy difference, while others fought to gain the prize and sailed through bloody seas. 'Shall I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, while others fought to gain the prize and sailed through bloody seas?' Are there no foes for me to fight, no crown of life to gain? I'll bear the cross, endure the pain supported by thy name! This age thinks that it can live by a different and separate set of rules than the Christians and martyrs of long ago. Jesus could give his *head*, Christ his *life*, Paul could *languish* in the prison cell, John could be *exiled* upon Patmos' lonely isle; Polycarp could be *burned*; but give us a comfortable pew in which to sit, while we hear a comfortable little sermon, and go to eat a full dinner, and sit in a comfortable easy chair, and go on to a comfortable grave! Great Church of God!

How can you sleep when half the world is going Communistic this very day? How can you fold your hands when the Gates of Hell are seeking to prevail against the church! Awake! Rouse yourself! There is no easy set of rules for us today! He that taketh not up His cross to follow after me, is not worthy of me. God needs men and women who will stand up for Him against unnumbered foes. Never was there a day when there is so much work to do. Never a day when to be a *Judas to Christ before his enemies*, is so foul a deed. Christ wants to *stop war's bloody sway*. He wants to rid the earth of hatreds, greeds, and things which hurt and destroy. He wants to stamp out crime, and juvenile delinquency,—to help broken homes and neglected children. God wants the church to aid him in lifting the fallen, redeeming the sinning, rescuing the perishing, giving hope to the hopeless and help to the helpless.

God loves his erring sons and daughters regardless of race, creed, station in life or education. He wants his church to roll up its sleeves, and unbutton its collar, take off its tie of false dignity and get busy redeeming this sinning world. Never, until we can pray like Peter, minister like Paul, die for the faith like Stephen, give like Barnabas and Lydia, show courage like Luther, work endlessly like Wesley, and go for God like Billy Sunday—can we dare to lift up our head and say, "We call ourselves Christians, Oh holy Jesus, son of God!" For to be a fit member of the church means to be a Christian like Christ! Anything less is eyewash, hypocrisy and bilgewater!

PRAYER

Oh God, once again we have tried to represent the voice of the Church of the ages. Let us not have spoken in vain. Let this seed of life fall on good ground. Save sinning fathers and mothers tonight. Save mothers' *sons* and *daughters*. Draw the churches closer to Christ who *prayed* that they *might be one*. And baptize thy church with a new love for the lost world; also with prayer and faith. Comfort the sick who languish upon the bed of sickness; *heal them, Father!* Bless the boys in jails or penitentiaries and change their lives. Free them from sins' bondage more than from cold grey walls. Bless the boys in our armed camps of America. Come into every home under the sound of my voice and bless them who listen for thy still small voice! Amen!

CHAPTER IV

YOUTH AND GOD

As you regular listeners know by now, I am called by God to be the anonymous voice of ageless, raceless, creedless, denominationless Christendom. I speak as the one inclusive voice of all Christendom! Not in pride but in humility. I hide self behind the cross, Christ is all, I am nothing! Of my Lord I speak freely; but of myself my voice will not speak. Unknown of men but known of God, and for God whom I love with my whole life!

And now the voice of ageless Christendom bids me speak to the Youth of America! Said the wise man, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of ~~thy~~ youth while the evil days come not in which thou shalt say, "I have no pleasure in them"! Ecclesiastes 12:1.

Young people with your clear eyes, firm, healthy bodies, and clean young souls, God has made you and loves you. He is proud of you, for you are his greatest handiwork! More than golden sunsets, fertile valleys, terraced hills, emerald oceans, or mighty cities—you are valuable beyond belief in God's sight!

God has high plans for your life on earth. Also He hopes for your fellowship in the bye and bye when mortality has been swallowed up in life eternal!

He is proud of you when you give your lives into his keeping; and grieves as a broken-hearted father grieves, when you dissipate your soul and body in riotous living. God has been spending some sleepless nights worrying about you, young men of America! You Russian youth who are embracing atheism, and you German youth who were fooled by a misguided giant, Hitler; you have made God weep! Oh how lonely God becomes when you sever between Him and you—and break the golden bonds of fellowship with Him. That is what your sins do, and God wants to bring you back to him. God is good! He is wise, and interested in you. He doesn't want to hinder you or hold you down from living a happy, joyous life. He only deplores the things which bind you, chain you, dwarf your soul, steal your character, blight your life. He never gets mad except at those things which hurt and destroy people like you.

God has made your physical body with marvelous equipment for life and pleasure. The most delicate Swiss watch is a crude stone hatchet compared to your healthy body! The most intricate

ship's compass or airman's gyroscope is a simple toy compared with your lithesome physique. Your human body is the only machine which repairs itself as it wears. It can do anything except grow a new arm or leg. Moreover, it can adapt itself to skills, and become useful, skilled and strong—as the owner decrees. Except in unusual cases, every young lady and gentleman can have rippling muscles and glowing health. God put glowing health in the food you eat, the air you breathe, and in the normal habits of life. But remember you are wonderfully made because you are made in the image of God. Do not profane that image with bad habits. Shun smoking and drinking; for they injure your growth and development. Reverence your body, for it is the only one you shall ever have, and it is made in the image of God!

But God gave you something stronger and nobler than your body, it is your mind! The power of the mind excels the body just as a steamship ocean liner excels a rowboat. There is no limit to what your mind can do if it is developed. Our autos, radios, airplanes, locomotives, television, and so on, teach us only a little part of the power of your mind. A boy or girl may be listening at your radio tonight who may one day tell us all we want to know about cancer or tuberculosis, or insanity! Behold the power of the mind of man! Boys and girls, don't neglect your minds, keep them clean. Don't make them a garbage can for ugly thoughts. Don't let foul novels' dirt besmirch you. Don't sell your birthright for a mess of pottage! Think your way clear to life's important decisions and life's dividends will come to you. Don't put your future into a compromising tailspin by putting your brain on this old world's bargain counter. Think high! You were born to be a prince. A child of God! the King!

SOUL

But stronger and more valuable than body or mind, you have a ~~newly~~ soul. Even your mind must take its orders from your soul. If your soul says, "Brain of mine think pure, be good"—then the mind raises itself to catch hold of the hand of God and walks on high. But if the soul says, "be evil, be lustful, be selfish, thou brain of mine"—then the mind forms its partnership with evil men and devils until its nature is twisted, blighted and ruined forevermore! It's the set of the sail and not the gale which determines whether a ship sail east or west. Just so it's the set of the soul which takes some up to heaven and God, and others down to ~~endless~~ shame!

Oh, if I had to be a hunchback through life, and face the future with a twisted body, I would rather do so than having a perfect body lose my soul. I would rather take my normal mind and blow out the light of sanity in it, until I knew not why my shadow did not spring up from the floor and devour me—rather than have a brilliant brain and lose my soul. Oh well did Jesus say, “What would it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what would the same man give (if by giving he could get back his lost spirit) what would a man give in exchange for his soul?”

Surely there must something worth much about your soul when heaven was robbed of its brightest jewel, and God broke his own heart to redeem it. ~~It shall not be up doctors, and nurses,—leave your lifeless body and your dead brain—and fly past the open grave into eternity—deathless as its sire!~~ Don’t trifle with your soul. Give it to God in all sincerity while we pray tonight!

PRAYER

Oh God, help every youth under the sound of my voice tonight! Help them to get wise, and stay wise! Let the oil of salvation fill their vessels—the lamp of God’s pardon burn brightly from the windows of their souls!” For behold the bridegroom cometh!” Oh God! Empty be my purse, rude my habitation, hard my path, stony my pillow, strong my enemies, sharp the stings of earth, but let my soul be saved and my hope in God be steadfast, until we climb Jacob’s ladder, past the cemetery’s tombstone, into Heaven! Amen.

CHAPTER V

THE LOVE OF GOD

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life. God’s son came not into the world to condemn the world but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him shall not come into condemnation but hath passed unto everlasting life. Jn. 3:15, 17.

How often have men said of Adam, our forebearer (the first man), “Adam, you tasted of the forbidden fruit and are the cause of sin entering this world. You brought our sorrows and our pain

upon us. We blame you, Adam, for all our ills." Others, less chivalrous, say, "It was Eve, the *woman*, who sinned first; It was *she* who turned this world into a shambles, and filled our lives with pain and suffering." These blame Eve for our troubles. But some do not stop there. They point the finger of scorn higher than Adam or Eve and accuse God ~~Almighty~~ for man's troubles. They say like one certain Atheist said, "If I should die and go to hell for my sins, I would point my finger in the face of God and cry out from hell, 'Come down off that throne in heaven and get down here in Hell with the rest of us; for you are the biggest sinner of all—you created man with the ability and urge to sin and you did it knowing he would fall. You are responsible, Oh God, for our sins and sorrows!'" (Thus does a fool speak who has no brain and no religion.)

It is true that God created man with the ability to sin; but God had to make men *free* in order to make them like Himself. God is not a *dictator* who lashes out with a big stick. He is not a boss like Simon Legree with a blacksnake whip! God gave us *liberty*, because he made us like Himself, with the freedom to *choose right or wrong*, and be *good or bad*. But even though Satan took advantage of us in Adam's weakness, *God is the victor yet*; for though by Adam sin came into the world, God had a remedy for sin, the *Saviour Jesus Christ*.

I'm glad that Adam fell; for if Adam had not sinned, Christ had not died for me. If Christ had not died on the cross, I never would have known the love of God to fallen man. I could not have known God as a kind and pitying Father, with everlasting love for His children; would never have tasted sweet forgiveness and pardon. Man has gained more through Christ than we lost through Adam! Thanks be to God and bless His holy name! Our troubles brought out the hidden beauty of prayer. Our sufferings and trials have only been like a furnace which refines the gold and purifies the dross. Our sins have been more than pardoned; for we have gained Christ also with their forgiveness, and our *Holy Bible* which is a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our pathway! God has over-ruled *evil* for *good* and brought *victory* out of *defeat*!

If Adam had never transgressed the law we would have had a pot-plant, hot-house, weakly, emaciated, untrained, untried type of religion which would have had no more love than a shotgun wedding. With no Satan to tempt, no sin to evade, no

foes to fight, we should have had no Holy Bible given to point men back to God. No 32,000 promises in God's holy word to give us hope. There would have been no 10 Commandments, no 23rd Psalm, no gospel and no story of love. We gained more through Christ than we lost through Adam; because we gained the life of loving service for others. If Adam had never sinned there would have been no perishing to rescue—no fallen to lift—no hungry to feed nor thirsty to give drink—there would have been no churches, pulpits, sermons, hymns of salvation and faith. Thank God our all-wise Heavenly Father created us free, and though Adam sinned, we have hope of glory and a home in heaven.

If then, God can use the saddest thing which ever happened in this world, and turn it, by his love, into a blessing, how much more can he turn your troubles into joy, and your tribulations into victory. God took the dirtiest, meanest, and most vicious act men ever did, CRUCIFY JESUS, and turned it into the world's salvation! He waved the wand of his mighty providence over Calvary's dark defeat, and turned it into bright Easter! He took a lifeless corpse and resurrected it to leave the unbelieving world an empty tomb. God loves you, my friends, with an everlasting love. He always has and always will. He wants to come into your life and turn your Calvarys into Easters. He will make the stormclouds of your life to only produce more beautiful rainbows. The hard blows of hard knocks He will overrule until they become a sculptor's chisel fashioning you unto the glorious image of the Son of God! Life's crushing weight of grief or sorrow, He will use to bring forth the perfume of things precious in your life and make them *live on like perfume* sealed in liquid gold—though flowers decay! Even in your death, He will come to you. You will be like David who said, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me." With God by your side, you will find death not a *blind alley*; but an *open thoroughfare*! All this is yours, my friends, if you accept this God of love. *Do it now!* Don't delay another day. Give your life into His keeping while you hear the voice of "Jesus Calling!"

PRAYER

O God, help every father or mother who looks up to Thee tonight. Bless every son or daughter. Take their sins away as they pray. Transform the baser metals of their lives into fadeless gold by the alchemy of Thy transforming grace.

Oh God, bring the churches closer together. Bless the tie that binds all our hearts in Christian love until we are one in Thee. Amen.

CHAPTER VI

THE SCARLET LINE

Text: "*Swear to me by the Lord that ye will deal kindly with my family.* Josh. 2:12.

This is the plea of a woman for those she loved. A mother's love is the most nearly perfect love in all the knowledge of men. Tender and compassionate, she will have faith in her child when all around her have abandoned him a failure. She will have hope for his future even when she knows the past and present are a dead failure. And when all hope is gone like the sun gone down, she will cover her child in a mantle of Charity! Strong men may be brave but their courage does not match the courage of a tender mother when her child is in danger. Her love is benevolent like God's who loves sinners no matter what they've done and no matter where they are.

This mother of my text speaks to us from the dim, dark past. She was a poor woman who lived in a heathen city, Jericho, when there were no Bibles, no churches, no pulpits, no pastors, no hymns, no faith! Out of the blackness of paganism she reared her family as best she could. Then one day, her pathway crossed that of some followers of the Lord. Joshua and other godly men stayed overnight in her home and told her of the Lord. Her poor heart clung to their words like a drowning man clings to his life-belt. She accepted the way of the Lord, in that short hour, and cast her lot with the people of ancient Israel. Then she prayed them that they would spare the lives of her family when they razed the city. They promised to do so if she would leave a scarlet ribbon dangling from the window, for identification!

Now the sign of a scarlet ribbon no longer means the symbol of a Godly home, for wicked persons have contaminated and degraded that sign; but still today (to every blood-washed child of God) the scarlet thread of redemption means a token of life, and pardon from death through the merits of the sacrifice of Christ upon the cross of Calvary! "This communion cup," said Jesus, "is the symbol of my blood which was shed for you; drink

this cup by faith, and be thankful; for as you drink this cup and eat this bread, you show forth your Lord's death until he come!"

So this poor, ancient mother saved her family, by the token of the crimson stain, and speaks this message to parents through the ages: "Get your families in the ark of safety," she cries, "for the cities of sin shall surely crumble and fall! Send forth your prayer for your children, lead them by example and precept into the right way. Let the Bible become the charter of the voyage into life. Let mother and father's voices be lifted calling their children's names in Prayer." So she speaks to every American parent.

Now I say unto you, there are too many mothers who care more whether her daughter shines at the party, than whether she shines for God. Too many fathers breed thoroughbred cattle and mongrel children! Don't grieve about your girl's freckles, but grieve about her selfishness and sins. God have mercy on a mother who has never learned how to pray. She is only half a mother and not worthy of the name! And pity the father who sends his sons to Sunday school while he stays at home. Your SS teachers are helpless to overcome your bad example. They teach righteousness and godly living one hour per week, while you preach profane living 155 hours per week! The saddest thing I've ever seen is a society matron who goes to the ball with a poodle dog in her arms, and leaves her kids at home with the servants. Away with this sort of thing! It's the curse of the universe!

Mothers, God is the best helper a mother ever had. Fathers! God will make your boys grow up to bless the world and make you proud. Why don't you give God a chance? The trouble is, we crowd God out of our lives! We don't give Him a chance to help us. You shut Him out of your business, your life and your home. Give God a Chance! When God is honored in a home, it becomes a friendship circle wrapped in utter devotion. Home becomes home sweet home when God is there. Home becomes another restored paradise with every Christian grace blossoming upon the tree of life. Your children will come into it at night as a place of refreshment and goodness; they would rather die than profane it or betray its noble teachings. Husbands come home to find peace and relaxation after a hard day's work. Oh, what fun to live in a home like that. Oh, what a blessing when the meagerest meal seems like a feast and bare, rude walls are transformed with a magic glow!

Mothers, do you want that kind of love? Then let the scarlet thread of Christ's blood cover your family circle with its protecting power. Put your life in tune with Jesus. Get your children in church and Sunday School. Say Grace at the table. Have family and God your partner. Let's pray for this blessing together now. Bible readings and prayer. And make a Godly home your prayer,

PRAYER

O God, we know that the hope of this nation is its godly homes. We know that the nation is lost if the homes become broken and decay. God save the homes! Stretch forth Thy hand and touch mothers and fathers who pray for wisdom and guidance for their homes. Restrain wild boys, and restore girls their childlike faith. Help those parents of God whose homes are broken. Heal broken homes and restore them wherever possible! And let every parent say in his heart tonight, O God, my home shall be from this day, A Christian Home. In Jesus' Name. Amen.

CHAPTER VII

MAN SHALL NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE

It is true that a boy will grow just as tall and strong as humanly possible on just plenty of food, drink, shelter and clothing! He doesn't *have* to learn his ABC's, or how to add and subtract. He will not weigh a pound less nor be an inch shorter, for being illiterate and unable to read his name in boxcar letters. Moreover, culture and good manners will not make him live any longer, nor die any sooner. Going to church, yea, even becoming a Christian, will not affect his carnal life of flesh and blood much! *Sure*, one can *live, grow, and die of old age*, without praying a prayer, reading a poem or singing a song. But such a life is but an empty shell. It is but the *hollow mockery* of an existence. It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die!

A man or woman may live after nothing but the flesh, neglecting both mind and soul, and still be, to all outward appearance, a normal human being; but they who live only for the selfish gratification of the flesh, are dead while they live! Man has a mind and a soul. If he does not *feed* them *and exercise* them, they shrivel and die! A horse wants nothing but a full oat bin and

a warm stall, with a field of green for romping. That's heaven to him. Horse heaven! A dog only wants a fat bone and a good master. That's dog heaven to *him*. But a *man* may be fed on the finest foods, clothed in virgin wool suits, broadcloth linen, housed in a three-story mansion, chauffeured in a limousine, and entertained by Hollywood's brightest stars; he may possess popularity, office, and wealth untold. But if he has no faith in God, no hope for the future—no fellowship with his brethren, no reverence for the sacred soul God has given him—POSSESSING ALL EARTH'S FAVORS, he will still be miserable, unhappy, and unsatisfied with life. And well he may, for man shall not live by bread alone—nor by all the things money will buy—but by every word (of faith, hope, and love) which proceedeth out of the mouth of God!

He that sells his soul for wealth will find that gold cannot buy happiness, nor yet a home in heaven. Gems of diamond and ruby do not dazzle the eyes of grief and old age. Gold will not purchase health. He that selfishly lives to climb, by unholy ambition, to places of high authority, will find that though one become as powerful as Caesar and Hitler—yet the path of glory leads but to the grace! Though one center all his life's energies to the fame which popularity can give; yet to become as popular as Rudolph Valentino, Hollywood's greatest idol of all time, is worth little when you press that dying pillow! Friends are worth more than finance. Love is worth more than legacies. Faith will endure when *family* prestige has been forgotten. Hope will live on when heraldry and pomp have been forfeited to their grave. Do not live by bread alone, or when the physical decays, you shall go down to your funeral, unwept, unhonored, and undone!

Now that brings me to the one other thought for tonight: "It is appointed unto man once to die." But as we said, "It is not all of death to die." There is an *account* to give for the *deeds* you've done. There is a *judgment* to face for the *life* you've lived. There is a *soul* to reckon with, ~~which can never expire; but must go on living for glory or despair~~! Oh, *friends*, those grey hairs in your head *mean* something! Those *wrinkles* in your brow, and that stiffness in your joints tell a significant story. They mean that your *day* is *ending*, your *sun* is *setting*, and that your *race* is *nearly run*. Like the sands of time in an hourglass, only a few more shining grains are left in the upper funnel! These, too, will run out . . . Then what?

Will you meet death like an old friend meets a friend; or will you meet death like a slave *whipped* to his dungeon at night? Here is the greatest gift of Jesus Christ to His own. He has taken away the *sting* of death, and has robbed the *grave* of its *victory*. Death is not a blind alley, nor a whirlpool leading into the wrath of an undone eternity—for the children of Christ. His children are soothed and sustained with an unfaltering *trust* amid the scenes of the last hour of earth—and they go to sleep in Christ, like a tired child rests its head on mother's bosom and sleeps in faith, till the morning of another day!

Oh, friends, don't miss heaven! If you are not living right, and can't die right, let Jesus come into your heart. Just now your sins and doubts give over; just now reject Him no more; just now throw open the door; let Jesus enter your heart!

PRAYER

Oh, God, change hearts of *fathers* tonight. Come into lives of *mothers* and *daughters*. Bless wayward *boys* as they pray to Thee. Teach them to *live in Christ*, that they may *die not at all*, but exchange life on *earth* for one in *heaven*; when their time comes to go. Bind all Christian hearts closer together. Make Thy people *one* in spirit and faith. *Unite the churches* in *love* and *hope*, and give us a world of brotherhood, united in the bonds of peace, we pray, for Christ's Name. Amen.

Friends of Christ, and good neighbors of the Western World, tell your friends about this broadcast, and get them to listen in. Thank you for your letters and prayers. We're praying for your requests! If you haven't written us lately, sit down tonight and write us a letter. Tell us all about Christ and you. And if God has enabled you, enclose a portion of Holy tithe or offering when you write. Then, you too, will be a partner with us in the labor of the gospel, and a steward of God.

CHAPTER VIII

"SCIENCE OR CHRIST?"

Dear Friends of Christ, I am the Unknown Soldier of the foot of the cross of Christ. But as our revered Unknown Soldier represents all our war heroes, I too live a parable, different (but yet much the same)—I am called to God to be the

Unknown Soldier of the Cross. I represent the voice of all ages of Christendom, both the living and the dead in Christ. I recognize no limits of race, creed, or station in life. I am just a sinner saved by grace. I'm just a plain Christian whose calling makes me to speak for the fundamentals of the kingdom of God. I'm called to speak with the voice like the sound on many waters, for it is the voice of truth. I speak with the fervor of every heart which held the love of God; for every mind which contained the faith in the Bible. I beckon with every hand which ever moved at the impulse of Christ's love, and hope with the desire of every soul which believed in the mission of peace on earth and good will toward men! I speak with all the accumulated wisdom of the church of Christ through the ages. Within that sacred number of God's children are converted Jews, Greeks, Romans, Gauls, Germans, Anglo-Saxons, even Ethiopian Christians ancient and modern; and especially I speak as the conscience of humanity suffering, sinning, hoping, dying, yearning, and groping toward the light of a better day.

Tonight I challenge you with the question, "Is Science or Christ the hope of the ages?" To answer the question I would point you to the fact that atom-bomb is the climax of science whereas the Cross of Jesus is the climax of Christ. Between the two there is no choice—Christ, not the fruit, science, is the hope of the world!

Man has come a long way from the dark ages. He has improved upon the way he traveled, the way he floated on the water, the way he jumped through the air, and the way he lifted his voice to speak to the multitudes. He can now outrun the deer, outfly the eagle, and outswim the whale. Man can speak so loud that you can hear him halfway around the world in a moment of time. Some of you last night were listening to this broadcast while you ate your midnight snack, and others of you were just getting ready for your afternoon tea.

Man has improved on the house he lives in, the way he washes his clothes, the bed he sleeps in, the road he walks on; yes, he has improved on the books he reads, the medicine he takes, the bridges he builds, the guns he shoots; but one thing man has never improved on. That is the Bible he reads or the Salvation which comes through Jesus Christ the Son of God. He can't improve on God's love. He can't better the Bible. He can't enhance the power of prayer. He can't add to the uplift of the

Holy Spirit. These fundamental things remain unchanged through the ages, while times change and earthly kingdoms rise and fall. Thank God! The grace and love of God is just as good today as it ever was, and is better than anything which the world ever produced! It is the best; for it is the gift of God!

This world has made the fatal mistake of supposing that we are better men because we can travel faster than our forefathers. We suppose that washing machines make our souls cleaner. We suppose that our flying in airplanes makes us closer to heaven, the higher we go. Gadgets may improve our standard of living; but I'm here to say they don't improve your soul. We may gain the whole world but what good is it if we lose our soul? What is the use of fast cars, if we haven't anywhere to go worthwhile? What good is the loudspeaker if we haven't got anything worth saying? George Washington couldn't operate a radio nor drive a car, but that doesn't make him inferior to people who do. Wesley traveled on horseback only forty miles in a day. Some preachers go two thousand miles in a day; but Wesley could still outdo and outpreach any dozen of these Methodists today!

Let's quit supposing that the machine age is going to save the world! Let's stop looking to science and turn to Christ as the hope of this world. Man's needs haven't changed. Sin hasn't changed. Human nature is still the same. God's love hasn't changed. Wherever sin's blight is found, and suffering and sorrow are rampant; there the Love of God is still as much needed as when Paul fell to his knees and came to Christ.

Far from redeeming mankind, science, apart from religion, has made this world more terrible than during the dark ages. War is more horrible now by 1000 times than when Caesar was king. Slavery in police states is more deadly today than when old Pharoah built the silent pyramids, and took his toll of blood and tears. Science, apart from religion, has brought us to the verge of stark disaster. Before science, wars killed hundreds; now they kill millions. Before science, women and children were safe at home while battles raged; but now they die like front-line soldiers, or like prisoners before the firing squads. Women, children, aged men and women, even babes—all are condemned to die in total war. Oh, the bursting of shrapnel, and the thunder of bombs! Oh, the fiery blast of incendiaries as cities burn down with fire that water can't quench! Hark to the howling of the

wounded, and the stench of the dead! Yes! Apart from religion, science is deadly and disastrous.

Not that science is bad in itself—or good in itself! It is just like life under a microscope. It multiplies the size but leaves unchanged the quality of our souls. With religion, science can heal and help. Without religion science blasts and blights.

Then let us get this straight. Man needs Christ today. Nations need Him. Individuals need Him. He is the only way, the truth and the life. No matter how rich you are, you are poor without Christ. No matter how popular you are with voters or the public, you had better look out how popular you should be with God. Better have God for you than the whole world! No matter how fast your fine cars can run—better ask yourself, “how fast am I traveling toward heaven?” No matter how many degrees you may have, you are still a fool unless you have learned to become as a little child. No matter how high your office or high your title, you will have to press that dying pillow and leave it all some day. Are *you* ready for that day?

Oh, brothers and sisters, the Unknown Soldier of the Cross begs you with both hands of prayer and entreaty outstretched, don't miss heaven. Are you ready if you have to cross that swelling tide tonight? Are you prepared to meet God? Have you oil in your vessel, and your lamps trimmed and burning? Men spend thousands on insurance but so often fail to insure the soul. Why protect the life when at best it can only live a few years—and then grossly neglect the ~~dying~~ soul? Oh, insure your ~~deathless~~ spirit! Trust not science but the sacred. Not gadgets, but God. Not education, but election. Not riches, but righteousness. Not the finite, but the infinite. Not opinions, but obedience. Not prosperity, but purity. Not class but Character, and the cross of Christ!

Let us pray:

Speak, Lord; for Thy servants hear! Show us the way and we shall be led! Forgive our blinded ways, in which we supposed that we were making progress toward God, because we were going about in circles! Help us to trust not in things but in Thee. Deepen our faith, make us humble, open our eyes, and give us the vision of Thy salvation. Let Thy Holy Spirit come upon us until we become as those who desire the good of Thy Kingdom until we march with Thy church militant across the sands of time, conquering and to Conquer. Amen.

CHAPTER IX

— SIN —

My text tonight is from Isaiah's words in Isa. 6:5: "*Woe is me, for I am undone; I am a man unclean and my eyes have seen the glory of the Lord of Hosts.*"

Friends, some people think that the world is getting better and better; others think it is getting worse and worse. Regardless of what you think, a lot of people are with you. But the simple fact is, this world is sick. It is sick with a sickness unto death. More horrible than leprosy which makes the body rot and fall off—more loathsome than a smallpox colony—more fatal than the bite of the cottonmouth water moccasin, this sickness has turned our world upside down and blasted our civilization for six thousand years.

It is the sickness of sin, and its very name has in it the serpentine hiss of Eden's curse! It takes fine boys and makes them into men who are depraved, criminal, monstrous. It takes pure young girls and makes them evil honky-tonk followers, or street-walkers. Sin has broken up homes, made divorcees of parents, juvenile delinquents of children. It has filled the police courts with youth—filled the jails with wrecked humans who were once the pride and joy of their mothers—and has filled the penitentiaries and asylums with multiplied thousands of its victims. Sin is to blame.

Sin attacks boys. Once I knew a deacon's son. He had two fine brothers, but he was the black sheep of his family. His father tried to make him do right but he ran away from home. His mother wrote and begged him to return but he became a prodigal and refused to heed her entreaty. He wanted to live fast, burn the candle at both ends, and play both ends of life against the middle. He lived in the back end of a saloon, and earned his daily bread and drink by shooting craps. From that he went into the protection racket. He joined up with a Chicago gang and became at last a trigger and strong arm man for the most notorious gang in Prohibition Chicago. He rode in new cars, wore fine clothes, smoked 50 cent cigars, and dated chorus girls. He knew the ropes; he was really living in a great big way. He wrote home and made fun of religion and ridiculed the hard-working brothers he had, and made fun of the righteous life.

One day this wicked boy got his. He rushed out of his apartment house and jumped into a waiting cab. As they roared off into the night after midnight, through Chicago's deserted streets, a long, lean, black sedan poked its nose out of an alley and followed him. It was the 16-cylinder Cadillac of the famous gang-leader. They raced! Block after block they went. Brakes screeched! Tires whined and rubber squalled out in protest as they turned and twisted in the race with death! They roared through the city while the cab driver, with a gun at his back, begged for his life. The cabbie was good but his car just didn't have the power it took—finally there was a snap in the motor and a grinding noise which told the story of a ruined motor. As the car slowed down, the poor wretch in the back seat opened the door and rushed for the nearest building. But the bullets from the black sedan sounded like a typewriter, and the boy fell in a pool of red on the sidewalk! Sin had done its work! Sin was to blame!

Sin attacks nations. Rome was once the leading country of the world. But sin laid her low. You have always heard of the fall of Rome. It's a false story. Rome never fell. She decayed. She rotted from within. Crime, corruption, incest, and greed laid her low. Every night was a wild drinking party, and every morning unwanted children lay in the sewers. Rome was not conquered by an army. She rotted apart with the leprosy of Sin. Sin destroys nations. Germany is today the victim of sin. Japan lost the war, but first she lost her honor and gave the lie to her treaties. Her vicious caste system and legalized prostitution laid her low. Sin would attack America. Sin would conquer the USA. Look out for sin. She is our deadliest enemy.

There is never a war which breaks out like fire from Hades, but what sin was to blame. There was never a boy walked up the 13 steps to the hangman's noose but sin was to blame. Never a disgraced girl looked down from the lofty bridge and jumped into the dark waters far below, to kill herself, but sin was to blame. Never a home broken and children thrust out into insecurity and neglect but sin was to blame. Sin turned paradise into bedlam. Sin turned Pharoah into a heart of stone. Sin curdled the milk of human kindness in Queen Jezebel until she became as bitter as a buzzard's craw. Sin changed one of the Disciples into a Judas Iscariot who was a devil. Sin will wreck your life, ruin your name, defame your character, and damn your soul to Hell.

But, friends, whenever I preach of sin, I want to preach of salvation. When I tell of its terrors as it rages through history undoing society of every age, I also want to point out the Christ who saves from Sin. Sinner, Christ loves You. God gave His son to die on the cross for you. He did so and paid your debt of guilt and woe. The pardon is yours for the having. You can be saved. You can be born again. Your sins need not victimize you any longer. Don't carry the old burden of sin another step. Leave it at the foot of the cross! Christ is near, and His Holy Spirit draws you to repentance. Let repentance be followed by faith. Faith be followed by regeneration. Regeneration be followed by adoption and feel the guilt drop from your soul as you know your sins are blotted out and your iniquity purged.

Oh, if only the whole world could experience this joy! If only all nations knew the salvation of God! What a different world this would be! Nations would heal their quarrels. Wars would cease for the Prince of Peace would reign supreme. The whole world may not accept Him as King, but you, my friend, can accept Him as your Lord and King tonight. Do so as we pray for your soul's redemption.

PRAYER

Lord God, look down upon every penitent soul tonight. Oh, God, something is wrong with our world. Everything goes wrong because sin is prevalent in the hearts of men. We can't legislate it out of existence. We can't educate our hearts clean. We can't kid ourselves that we have no sins to forgive. But we can wash, thank God, in that fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins. And like the dying thief, wash all our sins away. Then in a nobler, sweeter tongue, I'll sing Thy power to save, when this poor, lisping, stammering tongue ~~lies silent in the~~ grave. For Jesus' Sake. Amen.

CHAPTER X

"I BELIEVE THE BIBLE"

When I was a little boy, at home with my brothers and sisters, my mother used to hold family Bible readings and prayer at the close of the day. How we children were lifted up to awe and holy wonder by those wonderful stories of the Bible. How different from the diet of funny books, crime stories, and other cheap stuff

in so many American homes tonight. How much crime and juvenile delinquency would be cured before it ever started, if only parents would take God into their homes, and let Him help them in the greatest job God ever gave to men and women—that of rearing sons and daughters for the kingdom of heaven! For this high work, the Bible is your greatest asset, and best friend.

Now in many schools, Colleges, Universities, and even Seminaries, they are trying to debunk the Bible. They would dispute its passages of truth and bicker back and forth as to who said it, and when, and why. They take the flower of sacred Scripture and pick its petals apart seeking to explain the unknown. They would cut the Bible to pieces and take away the sacred Character of the Word of God. All this they would do without giving us anything to take its place. For there is no substitute for the Rock of Ages! How sorry a task this is, debunking the Bible! To criticize is never the noble thing; but when it is applied to destroying the Bible, it becomes the very essence of Satan.

For six thousand years Satan has come against the Church of God with all the powers of the gates of Hell; but thank God, he has not been able to prevail against her. His greatest guns of unbelief and lies have been turned against the bulwark of Christendom, the Word of God—if he could destroy that, the Church of God should falter on the brink of ruin; but thank God, though heaven and earth pass away, not one word or syllable of that old black-backed Bible has failed! It remains the unfailing rampart of righteousness; unaltered by the centuries of time!

I believe the Bible! Its story is divine! It contains 39 books in the Old Testament, 27 in the New. It has over 32,000 *promises*, unnumbered *invitations* to fellowship with God, and scores of *kindly warnings* and *sage advice*. All these I love and reverence. I would die to defend its truth. I would live in the light of its truth. To David it was a lamp unto his feet. To Asaph the Psalmist, it was his meat all the day! To Moses it was the law of righteousness. To Jesus it was the word of God which showed him the Father's love for lost men. To John the beloved Disciple, it was with God in the Beginning, and was the incarnate truth. Later he testified that it was the key which unlocked the doors to the City of God—a city not made with Hands, eternal in the heavens!

Some men, out of the meanness of their hearts would destroy this word and make it as out of date as Ben Franklin's almanac. Dirty, treacherous, and mean are these who would weaken or cast the slightest doubt upon God's word. They are the sorriest and meanest people on earth! They would destroy the finest thing under heaven—the Holy Bible. When the Bible goes, then faith is gone. When the Bible is lost, then hope is lost. When the Bible is cast aside, then prayer becomes a mockery and blasphemy rejoices and revives. Let us not deceive ourselves, let us not mince words. Let's be plain but just. They who fight against the Bible are enemies of God! We should shun them like lepers, and pray for their conviction and repentance, while we rise up to oppose their unbelief.

Satan is a wicked scoffer. It is his punishment that his wicked heart is condemned forever to be filled with doubt and unholy atheism. Friends, don't do this evil work for him, for nothing. Don't pull on the same rope with the Devil. Don't scoff at religion and the Bible. If you do, the Bible will go on the same as ever, as long as God and eternity lasts, for it is the word of God. But opposing God's word, you shall fall into hideous ruin, and be forever condemned. Your grave and dust of ignominy shall, with Hitler's, Caesar's, Nero's, and Pharoah's, lie forgotten, while the word of God goes marching on! Get on the winning side! Have faith in God. Get on your knees and believe the Bible! It will lead you right.

Covered with dust in your home, and neglected, your Bible will never save you. It is no more wicked to fight against the Bible, than to kill it with neglect. Oh, friends, it is your friend; read and love your Bibles.

Some of you got your Bibles on your wedding day when your beloved bride carried a white Bible with her flowers. Others of you got your Bibles by attending Sunday School a whole year without missing. A few of you have old, tear-stained Bibles which you first heard read at mother's knee. At last it came to you from her old, fading hands. It is marked with her many favorite passages and tears of joy. More than one of you have a Bible a godly pastor gave you, or a saintly teacher. Some of you have new Bibles just given you at last year's graduation. Wherever you got it, the Bible is earth's greatest treasure. Clasp that good old black-backed Book to your heart and cherish it as more precious than gold! It points the way to heaven, and is the key

that unlocks the pearly gates! Say to it, "Precious treasure, thou art mine! Show me the right way to go. Keep me true, and on the path which leads to God."

Let us pray:

Oh, God, hear our prayer! Let fail the powers of men who oppose the Word of God. Deepen the love of men and women, sons and daughters, for the sacred Bible. Help our homes to be blessed by it. Let boys and girls in the streets, places of amusement and worldly pleasures, pause and consider its teachings. Let it comfort the dying, and strengthen the living who are ill or in sorrow. Amen!

CHAPTER XI

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS

Nobody ever seriously doubted that Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in about the year 4 or 5 BC, in the reign of Augustus Caesar, of humble Jewish parents, with Mary his mother, and Joseph (as it was supposed) his father. Nobody doubts that he grew up in a town called Nazareth beside the sea called Galilee. Very few persons have ever questioned that he became a noted teacher and rose from obscurity to a place of exceptional public notice as a prophet and leader. Hardly a soul alive doubts that he was condemned by the high priests of his day and by Pilate's court to die for heresy and treason, as they alleged. We all agree that he went to the hill called Calvary and was crucified between two thieves until he was dead, and then, a great crowd having seen him die and with infallible proofs witnessed to his certain death . . . then we know he was buried in a tomb sealed with a large stone and the Emperor's seal. Furthermore, it was guarded by a strong garrison of soldiers. We all agree to that.

But once we assert that Jesus rose from the tomb and lived again, the harmony ceases. Infidels and atheists scoff openly, and modernists doubt more secretly. But in the face of skeptics, learned or otherwise, I confidently assert that Jesus rose from the dead. Upon this fact, most of New Testament Faith centers, and the whole church of God in ages past and present, revolves around this fact of the living Lord. His resurrection is the greatest testimony to the power of God, and to the victory of good over

evil. Destroy this fact, and you reduce Christ to the measure of a common man, make a mockery of immortality, and deal the faith of the church a mortal blow. You blow out the breath of God in our souls and darken the sun in the heavens, leaving our souls in darkness—if Christ be not risen.

But thank God, he is risen.

He arose a victor from the dark domain, and

*“Low in the grave he lay, Jesus my Saviour,
Waiting the coming Day, Jesus my Lord.”*

*Up from the grave He arose, With a
mighty triumph o’er his foes,*

He arose a victor from the dark domain, and

Lives forever with his Saints to reign,

Hallelujah, Christ Arose!

The first proof we offer of Christ’s resurrection is the empty tomb. Not every empty tomb means a risen corpse; but this tomb was emptied in a most unusual manner. It stands forever as the badge of Christ’s divinity. We worship not a dead Christ, but a Christ alive and risen from the empty tomb! What a monument to our Faith!

2. I offer as another proof of Christ’s resurrection the Angel’s statement! It still rings down the ages even as it did that first Easter morning, “Why seek ye the living among the dead, He is not here but is risen.” The Angel’s words are a second proof.

3. The next proof I offer of Jesus’ Resurrection was the grave clothes neatly folded at each end of the tomb where Jesus lay. John 20:7, 8. This was a small thing, but an important thing to John’s faith. Remember it was only the crow of a rooster which brought another disciple back to God. Small things sometimes add up to great things. So these grave clothes were neatly folded at either end of the tomb. Now the disciples of Jesus would never have disrobed the body of Jesus; for the Jewish Law forbade such exposure, and the enemies of our Lord would never have unwound those 33 yards of material and neatly folded it up. They would have torn it away or soiled it in cruel disdain. This is a small but significant proof that the clothes of the dead were discarded by the Risen Lord because he no longer needed them. He is forever clothed in his garment of the High Priest of the Universe in which John the Revelator saw him, in Revelations 1:13. Oh, what a sight! Jesus the risen Lord, our high priest forever!

4. The next proof I have to offer is the soldier's tale of going to sleep. Can you imagine such a thing? Going to sleep just when they were commanded to watch a prisoner of the King. Caesar's law said they would have been killed, but they never were. They were given a purse and told to hush up the matter. What a weak lie Satan hatched up to cover the greatest debacle he ever had. What a pitiful deceit! So it always is, and will be when men try to defeat the word of God. They will be forgotten but God's word endureth forever.

5. I offer as the next proof of Christ's resurrection the only three possibilities inherent to the matter. First is, the enemies of Christ stole the body; second, the Disciples took it; or third, He rose from the dead. Now, first, if the enemies of Jesus had stolen the body they would have dug it up and produced it. They would have given half the world to have produced a dead Jesus. But they could not for they knew not where to find Him, He was risen! Second, the disciples of Jesus all died as martyrs to the witness that Jesus rose again. They could have saved their lives and avoided persecution and death if they had admitted stealing the body; but all 11 died witnessing that He rose again. Now even in the courts of our own land, when a man is dying and tells a witness, it is accepted as truth. Dying men don't lie. So when 11 men died for that witness in different parts of the earth, it is overwhelming proof that Death could not keep her prey. He tore the bars away. Up from the grave He arose, with a mighty triumph o'er His foes. Hallelujah, Christ Arose!

6. I offer the 12 post-resurrection appearances of Jesus as proof he rose again from the dead. You may fool some of the people some of the time, but Jesus appeared 12 times to as many as 500 people at once. What a glorious proof of our Lord's resurrection!

7. Next proof is the scars on his body. Faces change. Eyes may deceive. But scars remain! So when one of the disciples stretched forth his hand and felt Jesus' hands and feet, and thrust his hand into his side where the spear had pierced, it was a witness that this was truly he and not another. Jesus was alive.

8. I offer the proof of Thomas' doubt. Thomas doubted that I might believe. This cold-eyed business man refused to believe Jesus was risen. But later when Jesus appeared before him and convinced him by eating bread and fish, and by talking

to him, and feeling his scars, he fell on his face and said, "My Lord and my God." Thank God any honest doubter cannot fail to know that Jesus is risen and is the living Son of God! Oh Glory be to God!

9. I offer the fact that the Christians observe Sunday instead of the Jewish Saturday-Sabbath, as proof that He arose. It was on Sunday Jesus rose. It was on three successive Sundays he reappeared. Now, brothers, the Jewish Sabbath was about the most powerful institution on earth. When anything happened to change that it must have been a powerful happening. So it took the resurrection of Jesus himself to break that hold and change the world to Sunday worship. What a proof this is!

10. I could go on and on. Baptism by immersion is a proof of Jesus' death, burial and resurrection. The ever-increasing power of Christ through the church proves he is alive. But the mightiest proof of all is that Jesus lives in my heart tonight. Not mine only but in all hearts who trust him. He is not dead but alive. I'm serving a living Lord. Is he living in your lives tonight? Bow your heads out there in radioland while we pray, and let Jesus become alive in your heart forevermore. Die with Him to sin, and rise in newness of life with Him tonight.

PRAYER

Living with Jesus in new life divine! Moment by moment,
Oh Risen Saviour of mine, live in these hearts of thy people;
for thou art the son of God. Thy death was for our sins, and
because thou livest, we too may live anew, and shall live be-
yond the tomb, in heaven with Thee. Save the lost and we'll
give thee the praise. Amen!

CHAPTER XII

YOUR SICKNESS AND GOD'S HEALING

Text: Isaiah 53:5 "By His stripes Ye are Healed."

Tonight I am speaking to a sick world. Ten thousand hos-
pitals are full of sick and suffering people in the U.S.A. alone.
And though ours is a healthy nation with every medical resource
—we still have hundreds of thousands of sick people for whom
there is no room in the hospitals. Untold thousands are past all
medical aid. Asylums are full, rest homes are full, government

centers are full, and one home out of every three has a sick person in it as I speak tonight.

You well people should thank God for your health; for it is more precious than gold or silver. Indeed, diamond rings and necklaces will not dazzle the eyes of a dying woman, though they cost a fortune. And if all the gems on earth could be given to a cancerous patient, they would be all given for just one year of sweet life and health. You well people, young and strong, who never know a sick day year in and year out, — you ought to be thankful for your blessings. What would a blind man give for just one of your eyes? What would a lame man give for your two strong legs? What would you take for your good hands, or straight back? You don't realize the awful length and depth and breadth of the sea of suffering humanity at your very doorstep!

Yes, this is a sick world. Billions of dollars each year are spent on medical care, operations, and hospitalization. To be a doctor is to be a well paid professional man; for good doctors are highly paid. Men will part with even their homes and furniture to get well again.

Heart disease, cancer, TB and pneumonia, rheumatism, arthritis, tumors, headaches, dizzy spells, venereal diseases and leprosy, —the world is full of suffering! Men and women ache, and suffer, and groan and wish for the day. Great God! It seems that the whole world might be divided into five porches, and a mighty sea be placed in the midst and call the name of it Bethesda;—for there the sick and suffering lie in their misery.

Yes, the world is sick. It is full of suffering! Are you among those who suffer? Are you one who wishes for healing? Do you want to get well?

I don't know how you got sick, or how much medicine and medical care you have received in trying to get well. God can help you. There is no limit to what Faith in God can do. You can be helped; but only as you believe in God—in that proportion exactly—will you be completely made whole.

What does it mean to be made whole? There is the secret of healing. There is the mystery of the whole matter explained in one word. You see God made you a perfectly whole being, except in rare exceptions, and if you are ill or sick it is because

something is missing from your being. A missing link has upset your being. Not all sickness is caused by sin for the good sometimes suffer the most; but 90% of earth's human ills result from this fundamental lack which is the opposite of wholeness. Right living, right thinking, good attitudes to God and man, would have prevented three-fourths of today's sicknesses and sufferings. Not all are thus; but many, many, are sick because they are *breaking God's laws* of the physical or spiritual man. Faith and Obedience to God could make them whole. They could be healed by faith! Even our own prayer which we shall offer in a few moments could make them whole and well if they only yield and accept God's free gift of Healing! It comes through the power of the Holy Spirit which God has given me in unlimited fullness.

Wherever you got your sickness;—through fault of your own, or through no fault of your own—God's great gift of healing is for you. He has told me so. The churches have shamefully neglected the sick. We have made the sad mistake of treating the body with herbs and therapy, but neglected the soul. God put the gifts of healing in the church, but we have miserably failed God, who commanded us, "Go heal the sick, cast out devils, raise the dead, freely ye have received, freely give!"

Sick friend, God wants to heal you. He hates to see you suffer, and be robbed of your whole wellbeing. He loves you and wants to heal you. Why don't you let Him do so! Faith can point the way and God can make you whole. He may heal you instantly as he did many in the Bible; or he may heal you gradually; but God will heal you if you have faith as a grain of mustard seed! If you haven't that faith, then another must have it for you. That is where I come in. God has given me that faith. I have been used of God to bring healing and health to untold numbers. I can help you, because God has commanded me so to do.

Healing is in the atonement! By his stripes ye are healed. There is the double cure! Salvation for the soul and healing for the body. Jesus saves and heals! God has it for you, Jesus died that you might have it, I speak that ye may believe it; Now why don't you accept it? Send in your requests and we'll pray for them. In the Bible we read where the ill sent in handkerchiefs and aprons and Paul anointed them and prayed for them and sent them back to their sick owners who received their healing when these were

laid on their bodies with faith. Only be sure that you send a clean and pure handkerchief. To send a soiled or diseased one would be tempting God, and such one will not be returned to you. God's health laws are God's laws just as much as his spiritual laws are so. If you would rather not send in a handkerchief or small apron, send in a letter with your request, and we'll pray the prayer of faith for you. The Lord God will let you know that He has heard. His healing virtue can flow through your body even now as I pray. Let us pray!

PRAYER FOR THE SICK AND SUFFERING

Oh God, as we pray for the sick and suffering, let healing virtue flow through each sick body. Come into each sick room with a mild and healing touch. Drive out every pain and ache, come in with perfect peace and wholeness. Forgive sins if they be present, and rebuke Satan who would oppose this good work. Let thy arm be made bare, and thy hand powerful for the fulfillment of these thy promises. In Jesus' name! Amen!

CHAPTER XIII

CHRIST THE HOPE OF SALVATION FOR ALL MEN!

PART ONE: FALSE HOPES!

From the time of Pharoah to Napoleon, men put their hopes for a better world in the rule of force of kings and armies. Divine rule of kings was accepted for centuries as the only way to a better civilization. Then men, disgusted and heartsick, gave up that idea and during the Renaissance, they thought that arts and music could point the way to a better world. But this too failed; for even the poetry of Shakespeare, and the blank verse of Milton could do no more than the music of Verdi and the paint pots of Michelangelo. The earth worsened with sin's blackened dearth and war's scourge.

In the 19th Century men turned to science and invention for the hope of the world but these, too, were doomed to defeat and despair; for out of earth's heyday of inventions which should have blessed mankind and gave him peace and plenty—came the bloodiest wars men have ever known since there was a nation. Now amid man's disorder and chaos, comes ringing down through the halls of time and tide, the last and only hope of mankind. Friends

beloved, I tell you plainly, it is the hope we have through Jesus Christ the son of God. His way is the only way. His peace is the only peace. His light is the only light which will lead our feet up the perilous slopes of the 20th Century to a better world.

PART TWO: THE TRUE HOPE

It has always been God's will for his children to have two things. Pardoned souls pure as snow for themselves; and brotherhood one with another. This is man's Charter of Salvation, and is the Emancipation Proclamation of the Ages for whosoever will. This is victory over earth's two greatest evils: personal sin and international war. We have tried everything else, now let's try God's way. It is no use talking about world peace until we have peace with God in our hearts. We can't have a better world until we have better people in the world. We can't educate our hands clean from the stain of our brother's blood, nor our hearts clean from the stain of sin. We must wash in the fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins. Thank God there the vilest may wash and be clean.

You talk of world brotherhood; there is no basis for it until men own Christ as the Saviour; for no man cometh to the Father except by him. If man can't attain to the fellowship with the Father God, how can he have brotherhood with man? Without the Fatherhood of God, men have no brothers. If no brothers then they may exploit, betray, steal from and kill each other; for it is dog eat dog in a pagan society, which is filled with utter barbarity. These things men have done, until forever, the underlings, outraged and oppressed, rise up in revolt and war lifts its ugly head in heinous laughter, while the God of Mars rules the affairs of men. My friends, apart from the way of Jesus Christ, our Lord, there is no more hope for a better world than a rabbit has in a serpent's mouth. Only the Saviour of men's hearts and lives can lead us to a world in which the kingdom of God may come into its own.

If this world keeps up its mad and godless pace; if it leaves Christ out of its round table discussions, and crowds God out of its home life and schools, there is soon going to dawn a day which will blast us out of our indifference, and let loose upon earth such destruction as will leave earth a smoking ruin. God has blessed us with every conceivable blessing which a loving Father could heap upon his children. He has led us by the hand through dan-

gers more fierce than those which beset the children of Israel's path, in Moses' day. He has made us the envy of the ages; for standards of living and for freedom of human rights. But we have crowded God out of our lives except for a few paltry minutes of Sunday morning. And some multitudes of us, no time at all. Then when we put up our Sunday School lesson book, we leave our religion stowed away inside. You couldn't even tell us from any other worldling, all the best of the week. (I'd say amen to that if it choked me). Honesty in business is a rare commodity. Purity in the home is seldom met with. Integrity in politics is well nigh extinct as a dodo bird. Great God! What have we done? If God was not patient, we might well have another Sodom and Gomorrah, with its fire and brimstone!

Dear friends, let's change and try God's way. Don't doubt it, there is no other hope for the world except through Jesus Christ the son of God. He only has power to forgive sins. He only can make you what you ought to be. Have faith in him. America, let's repent of our sins. Let's make room in our hearts for God. Take Him as your Friend and Helper. Repent and confess your sins, you peoples and nations of earth! There is still time; but the sands are running out, the candles of opportunity are flickering, and the oil in the lamps is almost gone out! Behold the bridegroom of judgment cometh! Go ye out to meet him! Ye governors and rulers of men, ye dictators and leaders of the people, how will the future reckon with you? How will it be with you in the day when we must answer for the stewardship of our lives, and our lost opportunities rise up, with the wasted years, to condemn us? Oh, America, keep to the Cross of Christ. You too, can be a soldier of the Cross of Christ, and win the fight for a new world in the kingdom of God!

PRAYER

Oh God, our help in ages past; be with us yet lest we forget! Help us as individuals to trust Christ for salvation, and let the nations bow down before thee and accept thy way as the way to lasting peace and brotherhood. Let us remember, every hour of the day, to lift thee up as Lord and Saviour, until thou shalt draw all men unto thee. Bless every listener, and every contributor to this broadcast. Remember those who requested prayer for these moments. Let these thousands who join us in prayer, be heard for every need, through Christ we pray, Amen.

CHAPTER XIV

THE VALUE OF THE SOUL

Tonight God has bidden me speak to you upon the Value of the Human Soul. My message finds its text in the indelible question of Jesus, "What shall it profit a man if He gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Friends, what is the most valuable thing in the world? Is it a large roll of twenty-dollar bills? Is it a 50-lb. sack of gold dust and nuggets? Is it a pound can of purest diamonds? Is it the plaudits of all men? No, it is man's soul! That is the most valuable thing in the world! Just any man's soul. Jesus said that all the money in the banks of Texas and California combined, could not equal the value of one man's soul. Said the Saviour, "What shall it profit, and what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Yes, there is something of inestimable value in one human soul. There's something so sacred about its worth, that heaven is aflame with joy at the salvation of just one soul, and hell is stirred with shrieking despair at the loss of its prey when one soul is saved.

A soul is so mysteriously valuable that God took heaven's brightest jewel, His only begotten son, and gave him to be crucified in awful death, to redeem the soul of man. This Jesus rose from the dead on Easter morning just to open the doors of immortality to the undying souls of men. The Holy Spirit broods over the earth in never ceasing yearning for the hope of saving a soul. Ever and always that tender Spirit calls men from sin and destruction to come to God and live. All this because men's souls are so well worth saving!

Now the most foolish thing a man can do is to be careless about things of great value. A child is not given a 21-jeweled watch to play with, nor is a ten-year-old boy given a fine automobile to drive. Not yet have they grasped the appreciation of their worth. But the man may as well let a child loose with his Cadillac as to drive it down the road himself, drunk on hard liquor. He endangers his car, his life and the lives of all about him, like only a fool can do. But many a man who will not risk his car, or his property, but insures them from the start, still barter away his hope of heaven; for he handles his soul as if it were an old

piece of cowhide. He starves it on the pleasures of this world; or barter it away for a pittance in cheap compromise with the world, the flesh or the devil. Only a food will sell his soul for the husks of this world's goods.

Oh friends, be careful with your soul. Christ has made you only a little lower than the angels. He has endowed you with God-like qualities, which make you like a prince on earth. You were born with a soul personality which makes you unique from all others on earth. You share big in God's plans for time and eternity. He has in mind to love and bless you as long as you live, and give you heaven when you pass through the valley of the shadow of death. He has plans for you to reign for countless ages over this little world some day, and make you inherit all the boundless Universe. God wants to be your partner. He wants to show all creation how grandly and immensely He can reward and bless his own obedient children.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the good things which God has prepared for them that love Him. All this God wants to give you because He loves you, and wants to save your soul.

Now dear friends, don't throw away all this. Don't destroy your chance for eternal life by losing your soul in sin. Don't sell your birthright for a mess of earth's pottage as did Esau of old. Don't break God's heart and seal your doom!

If you have rebelled and ignored God's offer of salvation, then you are lost. . . . You don't have to get lost, you are already as lost as you are, and will die in your sins, unless you repent and seek God's pardon. Your sins are destroying you and God's great heart is bleeding for you. His love is being thwarted and His plans for your greatness are crumbling into ashes.

Oh fathers, mothers, and sons and daughters, come to your senses. Arise ye prodigals, far from the Father's house. Feed no more on husks for the animal natures of life's hogpen. God loves you. Arise and go to your father! Fall down in humility before him and say to Him, "Father, I have sinned and am no more worthy to be called thy son; but make me as one of thy servants. Oh friends, it is so easy to regain your soul. It is just a step to be no longer an outcast, a refugee from God and right. Reconciliation and reward are yours for the asking tonight. Arise

and return to the Father, O Sinner. He will welcome you home tonight.

Don't go on in Sin. Heaven is too bright, eternity is too long. Hell is too awful, your soul is too valuable, the judgment is too final. The pardon of Jesus is too near and glorious. Oh my friends, do anything else, but don't miss heaven. Do anything else, but don't miss heaven!

CHAPTER XV

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY SPIRIT!

I AM THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER OF THE CROSS. God has taken me, a poor boy, and has marvelously dealt with me. I heard him with my own ears, utter to me the commission which I bear. He said, "Go and teach all men the Salvation of Christ through the power of Faith in His cleansing blood. Show all men everywhere that my Church is one in spirit, and that the Power of the Holy Spirit awaits those who will believe on my name for great things! Tell no man thy name! I have called thee as my Unknown Soldier of the Cross. So overpowering was that voice, and experience, that I fell at the feet of the vision who spoke, as a dead man, and He lifted me up and said fear not; for I am Jesus whom the world despiseth and the word I bid thee preach will unlock every door of opposition. Go, preach, do my bidding and fear nothing, for lo I am always with you, even unto persecution and death!" Since that day I have not failed to pray more than one hour each day, nor to read and meditate another hour. Some days I pray eight hours, and some nights I study all night. Oh the truths of the Spirit I have learned! Oh the secrets of power God has revealed to me!

Today I asked God in Prayer, "Oh Lord what is the greatest need of the church today?" He said unto me, "But when the Spirit of Truth is come, He will lead you into all truths, and then again, "But tarry ye until ye be endued with power from on High."

This brings me to pray the prayer of one long ago:

"Holy Spirit with light divine,
Shine upon this church of Thine,
Take doubt and fear and sin away,
Turn earth's darkness into day.

Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme and thou alone."

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

Yes, the greatest need of the church world today is to yield to the control and dominion of the power of the Spirit. Our creeds often say, "I believe in the Holy Christ". But do we, really? Or is it just cant and creedal form? Many people have no more idea of the nature of the Holy Spirit of God, than a hog has about ping-pong. They live as if God were a million miles away and in a Model T Ford. No power, no power! But I say it and mean it, I believe in the Holy Spirit, God present with us for guidance, for comfort and for strength. Where this Holy Spirit is honored, there is one true Church, universal and apostolic. It may be in just an humble tabernacle or in a rude log hut; but brother, if God's spirit is honored, the place is holy unto the Lord. It is indeed, hallowed ground!

If there were no holy Spirit in the world today, drawing men's hearts to God's love, what a dark world this would be. If there were no Holy Spirit calling men to Christ, there would never be another soul saved. To take this tender Spirit out of the world would be similar to taking the sun out of the heavens, darkness would cover the face of the earth. Coldness would chill the marrow of every bone. Misery and suffering would prevail until all hope of human life should be gone. Take God's Holy Spirit out of the world, and it would turn in twenty-four hours to midnight savagery, and go from there to awful extinction and death!

Friends, when you feel the still small voice of conscience, that is God's Holy Spirit calling you. "The natural man is enmity against God," says the Bible. You could never have another good thought, or holy resolve, or noble endeavor, without the Holy Spirit guiding you. How terrible it is when men steel their minds and harden their hearts against this divine and gentle spirit! Beware! lest you grieve Him away to return no more! Many have done just that. Say what you will against Christ and God, but be careful what you say against the Holy Ghost. "He that blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost hath not forgiveness in this world nor the world to come." Oh friends, don't grieve this holy Spirit but yield to His tender voice; for He is the best friend you ever had. He wants to bring you happiness and joy and peace forevermore!

But, **HEAR ME CAREFULLY!** . . . The Holy Spirit not only draws the world to God, but also the Holy Ghost is the dynamic power of the Church of the living God! On the day of Pentecost, the Holy Spirit fell upon the disciples, who for fear of the Jews had locked themselves behind barred doors. So great was the transforming power of this Holy Spirit upon their lives, that they became the most fearless, most inspired, most self-sacrificing, and most enormously successful men of God who've ever lived! Unstable Peter, with the other timid disciples, became an apostle of power. They were described later as "these men who have turned the world upside down".

My friends, it was true! By the power of the Holy Ghost, they tore down the strongholds of Satan, and uprooted the bulwarks of sin. They put the forces of evil on the run, tho they were championed by Caesar himself, with all his legions! They conquered all foes, and built out of the ruins of a mighty empire, a Kingdom over which the gates of hell shall not prevail; They founded the church of the living God. Now for two thousand years, that church has marched across the centuries, conquering by the same spirit which empowered these disciples of Jesus, long ago!

Oh friends, if only the church would repent of her powerlessness and seek this dynamic infilling of God's holy Spirit! No power could withstand a Spirit-filled church. Like Samson of old, she could rouse herself and become invincible! Oh the pity of it all, when the nominal church scoffs at the power of the Holy Spirit and belittles those who seek its genius and power. Oh God! how we need thy Spirit! Break thou the fetters which bind men! Burst their shackles, oh God! As we pray, unlock their prisons of pride and pious forms. Break the spell which blinds and hinders thy people! Send the power of the Holy Ghost upon us, that we may accomplish that unto which thou has called and sent us, In Jesus' Name! Amen.

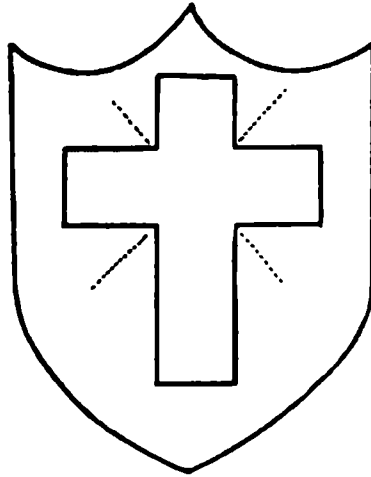
"He will fill your heart today to overflowing,
As the Lord commanded you, bring your vessels not a few,
He will fill your heart today to overflowing, with the Holy
Ghost and Power."

For strength to ever do the right, for grace to conquer in the
fight,

For power to walk the world in white, send the power of the
Spirit, Oh Lord!"

ANNOUNCEMENT

Friends, we trust that you have been inspired and blessed by these messages night by night. Tune in each night and tell your friends about this broadcast. Are you praying for us? We trust you are. We will make a covenant with you, and we'll pray for you if you'll pray for us in the work God has called us. We are so anxious to reach the unsaved, the shut-ins, the aged and infirm. This is what this nation needs. Now, friends, write us a letter to encourage us. Address all mail to The Unknown Soldier of the Cross, Temple, Texas.



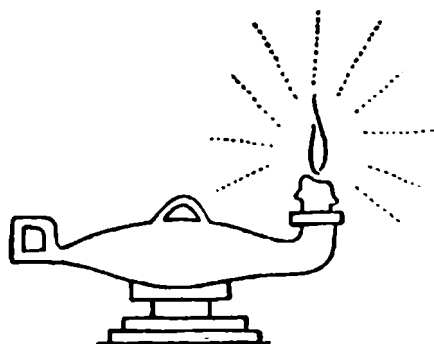
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